MASTER
NEGATIVE
NO. 94-82240-8

Author:
Babson Institute, Inc.

Title:
[Pay envelope inserts]

Place:
[n.p.]

Date:
[1917-1920]

94-82240-8
MASTER NEGATIVE #

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PRESERVATION

BIBLIOGRAPHIC MICROFORM TARGET

ORIGINAL MATERIAL AS FILMED - EXISTING BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD

Babson institute, inc.
[Pay envelope inserts] Babson institute, inc., c1917-1920.
47 l. illus. 21½ cm.

RESTRICTIONS ON USE:

TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35mm REDUCTION RATIO: 12x IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 10-11-94 INITIALS: PB

TRACKING # : MSH 02453

FILMED BY PRESERVATION RESOURCES, BETHLEHEM, PA.

2.0 mm ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz1234567890

1.5 mm ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz1234567890

PM-MGP 13"x18"
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

200 mm

150 mm

100 mm

A5

A4

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

Century

A&P

1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

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Babson institute

Pay envelope inserts.

New Ideas

A man worked in a printing plant once who had poor health. He found that it helped him in his work to stand on a rubber mat. The shock of the machinery was lessened and he had more strength for his work. Other fellows in the shop noticed the mat, thought it was a fine idea and whenever he'd leave the machine they'd come and borrow his mat. He'd come back and find it gone. So he improved the rubber mat idea. He cut pieces of rubber up into little squares and nailed one of them on each shoe. He carried his mat with him then, wherever he went.

It worked so well that other men in the shop came and asked him to make rubber mats for their shoes. Before long, the "rubber mat man" was busy every noon cutting out rubber heels for his shop mates.

The man's name was O'Sullivan.

Now, those rubber heels are made by the thousands, and sold all over the world. The business was born when O'Sullivan let an idea come into his head.

This little idea developed into a great industry that has made life easier for thousands of men and women and has turned a fortune out for the man who first had the idea.

* * *

That wasn't the last idea in the world.

For every old idea there are thousands of new ones, undiscovered and untried.

Next to character, ideas are the most valuable things in the world. And it doesn't take money to get one, but money goes to the fellow who has 'em.

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Ye Old Pick

"You couldn't find a single pick-axe on the job."

An official of the Hocking Valley railroad was telling about a big piece of railroad work. "Instead of using the old tripod steam drills," he said, "taking out the rock a little at a time, we go to the top of the bank, use a well drill six inches in diameter and blow off a whole hillside in ten seconds. The steam shovels pick up pieces of rock as big as tables. Steel cars, hauled by locomotives, take the rock and dirt to the fills and dump them. Where 5,000 men would have been needed 25 years ago we do the job with 1,000, for less money per cubic yard than before.

"If conditions keep changing, soon you'll not need any men," I said jokingly.

"We will always need men who will think, men who will take responsibility, men with ingenuity. The more machinery used, the more high grade men needed and the more pay they will get."

Machinery may put the pick-axe in museums, but it will never put the human brain there. Six inch drills and steam shovels can't replace initiative, imagination, enterprise and ambition. The more machinery there is, the greater the demand for men who can furnish the ideas and plans to get the business that keeps the machine going.

Babson Institute

Hey, Buddy!

GANGWAY!

Ever hear that, in the shop?

Somebody pushing a truck perhaps, wants room to pass.

Well, we want a little room. Maybe you say: "Who's 'we'; what is this room 'we' want, and what's this all about anyway?

Listen!

"We have with us" (as they say when they introduce a speaker)—we have with us a man who has worked in shops and mills. He knows what it is to hear the old whistle blow sweetly when the work-day is over; he knows what it is to work until every muscle in his body is dog-dead-tired.

This fellow has the Super's O. K. to slip little leaflets like this to you, along with the Ol' Pay. He has with him an Artist Guy, who draws pictures for a living. We tell him it's pretty soft. The two of them together get a pretty good slant on this World (She's in tough shape, isn't she? Never mind. The first hundred years are always the hardest.)

Once in a while they dope up some stuff that isn't so bad. Sh-h-h! One of them's named George. How about letting George do it!

(This introduces to you a series of leaflets sent out from Wellesley Hills, Mass., which we think you'll like. Several hundred thousand men who work are enjoying them already, and we want you to. A different leaflet will come to you every so often. Over at the right is a picture of Bill telling Jim: "It's pretty good stuff in these Babson messages to workers. I've read 'em, liked 'em and I know you will." So long—for a couple of weeks.)

Babson Institute.

LUMPS $ $ $ $ $ $

During the Forty-Nine gold rush to California, thousands of gold-hunters pushed their ponies over the Santa Fe trail, with a faraway look in their eyes and a great hope in their hearts. On one place in the narrow trail in California lay some brownish lumps in the road which day after day were kicked under the heels of the hard-pushed ponies. All the riders were in a hurry to get to sudden wealth.

One day a man came riding more slowly, with his eyes busy looking all about him. He looked closely, as his horse kicked one of the brown lumps. It seemed to glint. It was pure gold. He searched the ground and found that a lode of the precious metal ran into the hillside.

That was the discovery of the Bonanza mine, one of the richest gold mines in history.

* * * *

A man found it—by watching his step.

His eyes were on the things near him, and not on the end of a faraway rainbow.

A thousand other men, rushing pell mell had passed over the spot. He used his eyes at every foot of the way.

All the Bonanza mines in this old life have not been discovered. They aren't all gold mines, either. Some of them are ideas, which don't seem much on the outside but when the covering is scratched off show gold inside.

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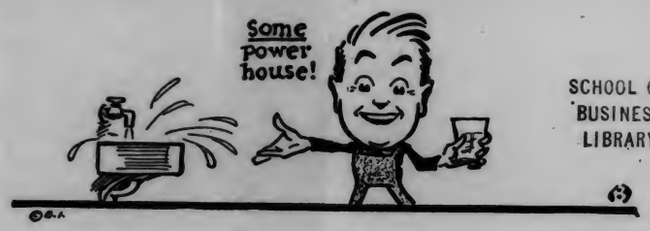


Getting Up Steam

Old Doc Krebs came out West to talk to us boys one time. I'll never forget how he started in.

You know when a man is going to lecture, they usually have a pitcher of water on the table handy, so he can moisten his throat occasionally. That is what they had already for the old Doc, only instead of taking a sip to moisten his throat, he drank a whole glass. That looked funny to us—as if the old gentleman had been without it for a long time, but it looked still queerer when he poured out a second glass and drank that. Naturally we grinned at each other and wondered what he would do next.

He straightened up with a hand on each hip and said, "Boys, you can't get up steam without water. When you feel all in—have lost your pep—and your energy is at low pressure just try drinking all the good clean water you can hold, and you'll generate more steam than you know what to do with."

He went on to say that the human body is 90 per cent. water and you got to have about eight glasses of it a day just to keep from burning your boiler dry.

I took Doc's tip and it works like a charm. Best little energizer ever you saw—just all you can drink of this plain water we been passing up all these days for bitter pills and doctor bills.

Try it yourself—drink eight glasses a day. Then you'll agree with Doc Krebs.

You can't get up steam without water.

Babson Institute

Why Save?

At the Calvary Forum, Buffalo, N. Y., one night not long ago there was a fine crowd. They asked a lot of interesting questions. One of these was asked by a young woman. Said she:

"You have advised us all to save 10 per cent. of our salaries, to put this away first of all before spending anything on food, clothing, or rent. Now if we all should take your advice, what would happen to business?"

She made the very common mistake of thinking that we don't spend what we save:

The money which we "save" by putting into the bank is spent just as truly as the money which we give the grocer, the landlord, and the dressmaker. The difference is that the money which we deposit in the bank is loaned by the bank and used for building factories, opening mines, and erecting homes which are of permanent value. The money we pay to the grocer is for things that are quickly used up and gone. Nor do we have much to show for that which we give the landlord. Even our clothes are of little good in a short time.

Whether we spend our money or save it somebody gets work just the same. Saving not only gives us something for a rainy day, but forces people from doing useless things into doing things worth while. By saving we force the middleman, the amusement man, and people doing useless things, to make better homes, raise more food, and to doing things of permanent value.

If we should save more money, the cost of living would go down. This in turn would enable us to save still more and soon we would become rich! Savings can "roll up" like a snowball, as well as expenses. All depends upon how the snowball is headed. Money in the bank means insurance, opportunity, lower prices and better goods—and less worry.

Babson Institute.

Co-1

A Sure Bet

A company in the middle West which manufactures pianos, has printed on its stationery: "If there isn't any harmony in the factory, there can't be any in the piano."

Harmony and Co-operation between departments and individuals means better and easier work and better results, and we all know it's results that count. You and I must get good results on one job before we can get a better one, and the company we work for must get good results to satisfy its customers who really are the ones we all depend on.

To do good work, one must be happy. Good health and a cheerful disposition are two of the biggest assets a man or woman can have. With these two things, plus courage and ambition to get ahead, a person can win success.

We hear a lot about co-operation and no doubt many of us get tired of it. Let's remember, however, that it has been co-operation which has accomplished so many big tasks. What makes a football team win? It's because every one on that team is working together. It is the same with business.

We now have new ideas of freedom, fresh opportunities for advancement and, best of all, a free country in which to live and earn our living. More than ever before a man is going to have a chance to show what kind of stuff he is made of. Whether he is going to stay on a small job or get a job where his brain can count will depend upon his ambition.

Co-operate with the others in your department; co-operate with other departments; co-operate with the company you work for and which is trying to co-operate with you. **In other words, a whole lot more can be done by all pulling together than by pulling in two or three different ways. The best thing about co-operation is that it doesn't hurt anyone—we all win by it.**

Babson Institute

Nest Eggs

At one of the recent dinners of the Executives Club of Chicago, one of the speakers explained the importance of saving and getting a little nest egg in the bank. With it, he said one can start in business for oneself in case the chance should come.

He explained that a great phonograph company now worth millions started with only $2,000 capital; that the owners of a big mail order house never put more than $5,000 into their business; while thousands of well-known concerns have started with only a few hundred dollars of capital.

The meeting was at the Morrison Hotel—one of the biggest hotels in the country. It happened that the owner heard the talk. At the close he said to the speaker, "Do you know Mr. B—, I owe everything to a little nest egg of $500 which my wife and I saved up when working for $25.00 per week. That $500 enabled me to pay a month's rent in advance for the old Morrison Hotel. Today she and I are the owners of this new block with its stores, theatres, and restaurants. We now have over 1,200 employes, serve over 1,000,000 people a month, and have an investment of $6,000,000. **Yet if I had not saved that first $500 I would probably be only a clerk today."**

Too much is said about saving as a "duty." Too little is said about saving as a "money-making proposition." The person who has a nest egg is independent. The person who hasn't is a slave. It doesn't do us much good to have the U. S. Constitution say that we are "free and equal." **Our real fortune depends upon what our bank account says and not on what the Constitution says.**

Babson Institute

Like A Charm

Dear Aleck: I do remember when we were kids on the farm. We used to fall asleep right after supper we were so fagged out. Why was it? It wasn't monotony. We did about everything. We'd put up the cultivator and go down and fix a gate on the brush lot, and we kept changing jobs all the time.

Here in the shop I specialize. I work at one job and don't have to be warming up to a new one all the time and changing around from one to another and using up time. And there are so many different jobs in this shop, a man can find the work he likes best. A man can do more on a job he likes, and be worth more to the company.

And when a fellow specializes and studies his job he can see things about it he wouldn't notice if he just worked once. Remember how I got that last big raise. I worked on that planer for weeks before I noticed that the tool wasn't cutting even. I adjusted her a little and she worked like a charm.

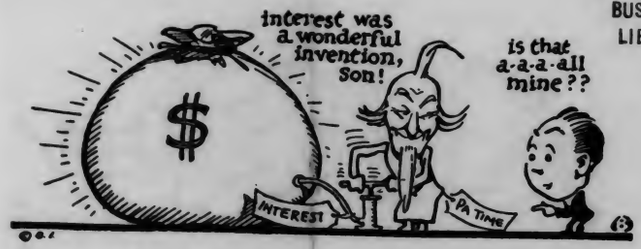
This specializing is a great thing when you look at it right.

Get on your job there, and you won't have time for a lot of that jaw-work. It'll give you more muscle and brain for running your drilling machine, and making good.

Your brother,

JIM.

Babson Institute



How Money Grows

Last Sunday I attended the First Universalist Church at Gloucester, Massachusetts. After the service its preacher, Dr. Levi M. Powers, showed me about.

"How old is this church, Dr. Powers?"

He replied: "The cornerstone was laid in 1806. When they laid this cornerstone, a tin box was put under it. This tin box, according to the records, holds various papers and also a twenty-dollar gold piece. I wish he had put this money in a bank for us. Then we would have had something today."

"How much would that $20 be worth today?" I asked.

"That $20 would be worth over $20,000 today, if it had been at work earning 6 per cent. interest," replied Dr. Powers.

This seemed impossible and I took pencil and paper to roughly check him up. He was absolutely correct. Figure it yourself by using the rule that money at 6 per cent. compound interest doubles itself about every eleven years.

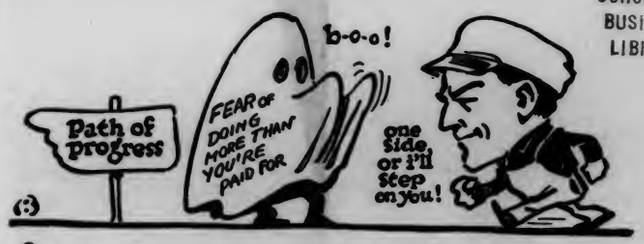
If your great-grandfather had $20 and locked it up, or bought something with it, your family may have only that $20, or, perhaps, an old clock.

But if some other fellow's great grandfather put his $20 at interest in a bank instead of locking it up or spending it, the result is that his family today has thousands of dollars. That's why some people have more money than others today.

You have to work for your money. Make it work for you.

Don't wait a day longer. Put some of it in the bank and watch it grow. Remember, interest plays no favorites. A bank will pay you as much for your money as it will pay "John D." for his.

Babson Institute



The Third Thing

There are two sources of wealth, to employer and employe alike: One is interest on money invested, and the other is reward for energy and ability put into work. If you have a Liberty Bond, it's money invested. The interest is the reward. In working, the reward or the pay will sooner or later come in direct proportion as energy and ability are put into it.

This holds for employer too. He has capital and business ability. One without the other is worth nothing.

There's a third thing, and employer and employe have this thing together, or the works are gummed. It's Co-operation. Take out the Co-op of labor, and business won't succeed. Take out the Co-op of business, and labor won't succeed.

Some fellows feel they don't get their share of pay and advancement. Do they deserve it? Do they earn more than they're paid for. If they do, they should have it and the boss will be glad to give it to them if they will show him.

If they are not earning their pay, some one is losing—either the boss or the other employes. In any case, it's an injustice that some day will come back where it started from.

It's a Ten to One Shot that the boss is trying to give a fair deal, and that if he isn't all he needs to know is that his employes are giving him one. If they are, and a little more, they'll get that reward—more pay and better jobs.

Babson Institute.

"A big red-headed fellow came into my shop three years ago," a New York tailor was telling me the other day.

"He never looked to left or right. Some of the workmen said he had a great sorrow, and others that he was an ex-convict. But he could sure cut suits—30 to 40 per cent more than any other cutter in the shop. One Saturday he came into my office, threw his shears on my desk and said: 'Thank you for the three years' work here, but Monday I start a new job.' I asked him what the work was.

"Red" Ready!

"'I start practising law.'

"I gaped at him. 'Where did you find time to learn?'

"'By studying half hour a day. I didn't think there was anything in this place for me. I've liked the work and I'm sorry to leave.'

"'Well let me tell you, that if you had studied that half hour a day on my business—you could be taking my desk today!'"

* * *

The growth of a company depends on finding good men with ideas and an interest in their work.

Before a man looks elsewhere, he owes it to himself to look over, around and through his present job—to study it first.

Babson Institute

Shootin' Dice with the Devil

A couple of hundred years ago folks used to think men who succeeded in business were in league with the devil—that they had sold their souls to Satan for material wealth.

Today some folks still think there is something underhanded about success. You'll hear a lot of talk about "luck" and "pull".

Fortunately most of us realize that success does not happen by chance. It is result of definite causes.

The man who does his work well—no matter what that work is—will succeed. His neighbor, who tries to do as little as possible and still get by fails. It is inevitable as death itself.

The man who gets ahead does it because he uses more energy and brains than the others in his class. Just think over a few of those you know and twenty to one that's true. Of course there's an occasional exception but he may "get his" any time and land in his proper class.

No, success is not won by shooting dice with the devil, but by forming the habit of doing things well—by doing even the little things just as well as it is possible to do them—and keeping everlastingly at it.

Babson Institute

MINES AND MINDS

There was a hot discussion in the smoking car, between a rich old fellow who owned a lot of coal lands and some young fellows not so well off.

"Everybody laughed at me when I bought those lands," he said. "No one helped me find that coal. I had to get out and get it myself. After I spent a lot of money digging, the public called me a 'coal baron.'

"Now, don't you young fellows think I'm entitled to the reward?"

Some one said it was fair enough for him to get profit. "But that is no reason why your children and grandchildren and your descendants for a thousand years should be rewarded, when they may have done nothing."

To the surprise of everyone, the old fellow said,

"You're right. My children would be better off without the mines. What I'm anxious to give them is minds—so they can uncover their own mines.

"I own some mines—but I own only one mind. My workmen all have them; and if they'd only work their Minds as I've worked my Mines they'd be on easy street and coal would sell for a lot less per ton."

The coal baron developed his Mind before he developed his Mine. Everyone has a Mind, only a few have Mines. But developing Minds means that some day we may be developing Mines.

Babson Institute

The Way Out Of :: Truro ::

When the ship Portland was sunk off Cape Cod late in November, 1898, with the loss of one hundred and fifty-seven lives, a Boston newspaperman, Winfield M. Thompson, was detailed to cover the story for his paper. Arriving in Truro, a town on the tip of the Cape, he found that every telephone and telegraph wire had been disabled by the terrible storm which had brought disaster all along the coast.

The only means of communication with the outside world was a cable line which ended in Ireland. Realizing that he must get his story to his paper in Boston, Thompson determined to use the cable. So, letter by letter, that slender line of copper laid on the bed of the Atlantic Ocean spelled out the tale of the Portland wreck.

> **It was relayed to Ireland, across Ireland to England, then by way of England and the Channel to Brest, in France, back again under the Atlantic to Newfoundland. From there it was transmitted south to the editorial rooms of the big city daily in Boston.**

Half the world over to reach a point two hundred miles distant! By the initiative and energy of its reporter, Thompson's paper made one of the newspaper-world's greatest "scoops."

Sometimes when I come up against a stiff problem, one that looks as solid as a wall, I think of Thompson and his problem. I think of his resourcefulness and determination. I realize that it is up to me to solve it as Thompson did his. And so, in the end, I find my way out of Truro!

Babson Institute

Shooting The Rapids

Dear Aleck: Sure I know what a parasite is, and probably know as well as you a durnsite. You say a parasite is a fellow that doesn't produce. Then you say factory owners and managers are parasites. Listen, Aleck! I read a piece in a book Joe's got about "Enterprisers." First I didn't get it. Then I did. And you see if enterprisers are parasites.

Enterprisers find a place to locate a factory and then they get it started. Maybe they have to get people from outside to put in money so it'll go. Then they manage the business. And they take some risk, boy. They might pick a poor location for the factory, and lose their money and everybody else's. Or they might put in money and time and then not be able to get enough more money to start the wheels moving. Then they'd lose. Or they might gum things up when the new business started.

They have to take chances all the time. About nine-tenths of them don't make good. And the ones that have made good are the fellows who pick the right place, or have the best goods, or the best managers. These enterprisers try out the new machines, the new wrinkles, the new inventions. Believe me, Joe, any guy that does what they do is no parasite.

And it strikes me that the enterpriser deserves credit. He has to steer his boat through some high rapids and lots of them get wrecked. The ones that get through make the profits and it seems to me that most of them have earned what they get.

Sure the lady timekeeper is still here and the boys sure do hang around that time desk.

Your brother,

JIM.

Babson Institute

Me for the Spider

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The other day the Big Boss dropped in, and I happened to be 'round when he was talking with the Superintendent about some plans.

Right in the middle of a new scheme he was all pepped up about, he stopped, and began a systematic inspection of one of the windows. He peered along the edge, gazed at the top of the sash, and even ran his fingers into the dark corners.

I guess he noticed I was puzzled, for he sort of grinned.

"You see that cobweb?" he asked.

"Well, the women folks at my house laugh at me, for whenever I see a cobweb I figure there must be a spider hanging around. I say 'What's the use of brushing away the cobweb if you don't nail the spider? He'd only build another one.' Me for the spider."

"I tell you," he said as he sat down, "if more folks around this shop would go for the spider when trouble appeared instead of just pulling down the 'cobweb' which every one can see, they wouldn't have to worry about being promoted. I'm looking for the chap with the brains to get down to the seat of the trouble so it won't happen again."

Babson Institute

If I Don't and They Don't

Dear Aleck:—Speaking of high prices as you and I do every time we get together let me tell you what a Regular Guy slipped to us at a noon talk in the shop the other day. Says he, there are two reasons for high prices:

1. Too much money.

2. Not enough things to buy with it.

It's just like every man finding ten bucks in his jeans in the morning instead of the five he left there the night before. He'd go out to the store to buy some things with the extra five. The stores wouldn't have enough things, so they'd order from the factory and the factory would have to get more material and more men and get busy making more things—overalls and neckties and rugs and chairs and pots and dishes.

All these factories try to get the same goods—each bids high and the one that bids highest gets the goods. Then they have to charge the stores more and the stores charge you and me more, Aleck. See!

And this Regular Guy said there were only two ways to have prices go down: Have less money, or else have

More Things To Buy With It

Aleck, that's the first time I saw it made any difference to YOU how much stuff I turned out in this shop.

But it sure sounds reasonable, that if the boys in the other factories that make things I have to buy, turn out a little more, and I turn out a little more too, there's that much more for all of us to buy with our money. If I don't, they can't get so much for their money; and if they don't I can't get so much for mine.

Sounds reasonable to me, Aleck.

Your brother,
JIM.

Babson Institute

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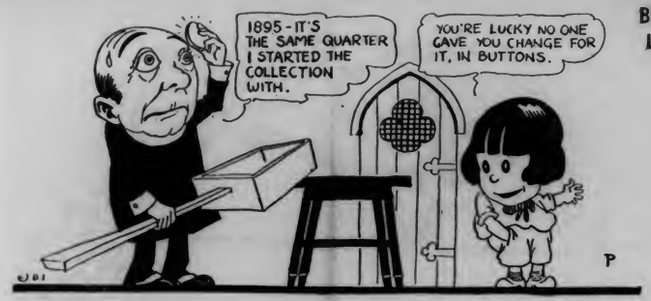

Two Bits

A preacher went forth to preach. And he took his five-year old son along. And as they went into the church the preacher dropped a quarter into the collection box at the door. And he preached, with many words and the sweat oozing from him. When he had finished, he was told that the collection in the box at the door was for him. And his small son watched him as he opened the box. And he drew forth from it—a quarter, the coin he had dropped in!

* * * *

After hopping along toward home at his father's side without a word for five minutes, the son looked up into his father's face and said:

"Pop, if you had put more in the box, you'd have got more out."

* * * *

Jobs are like collection boxes.

The reason some of us don't get more out of them is that we don't put enough in.

Old John Scoff says: "Sure, they're tellin' us to produce, produce, all the time. They want to get more out of us, that's why."

All right, John! But that "More" works two ways. There's a law in the world that the buying power of wages depends on the amount of effort put into the job the wages are paying for. It's like the collection box.

Babson Institute

Rainbows and Hoboes

"Ol' Alphabet Cobb"—that's what the neighbors called him because when he graduated from college back in '96 he came out with a string of degrees as long as your arm.

Near as I could find out this graduating was about the last thing Alphabet ever did. He was poverty poor, an unsociable cuss with no worldly possessions except his limp old mules and a line of capital letters hitched on to his name.

I overtook him trudging along the road to town one day, so I offered him a lift. Then just to make conversation I asked him if he'd thought of anything that wasn't being taught in school that should be.

He said there was one thing. By way of explanation he told in short his own story. It seems he'd had a position offered him when he graduated. He took it and soon discovered that there were certain things about it he didn't like. Another fellow's job looked good to him, so he switched only to find it had its disadvantages too. And so he went from job to job, forever discontented because he couldn't find one without a drawback.

He'd been chasing rainbows for twenty-two years.

* * * * *

And as we pulled into town he answered my question and said, "Yes, they ought to teach one more truth. **There is some out to every job no matter how rosy it looks from the outside. I might have made good from the first if I'd known that."**

As Ol' Alphabet clambered out at the post office, I thought there sure is a pretty close relation between rainbows and hoboes.

Babson Institute

A Fish Story

There were **100** men on an island where fish was the chief support of life. **25** of the men caught fish. **25** others cleaned the fish. **25** cooked the fish. **25** hunted fruit and vegetables to help out the fish diet. The entire company ate what was thus gathered and prepared.

So long as everybody worked there was plenty. All hands were happy.

Then:—

10 of the regular fish catchers stopped catching fish. **10** more dried and hid away part of the fish they caught. **5** continued to catch fish, but worked only part of the day at it.

Of course fewer fish went into the common kitchen. That is perfectly clear, isn't it?

But:—

The one hundred insisted upon having just as much fish to eat as they had before.

The **50** men who formerly cleaned and cooked the fish had less to do owing to the undersupply of fish. But they continued to demand a full allowance of food.

To keep the group from suffering from lack of food, greater burdens were laid upon the fruit and vegetable hunters. These insisted upon a larger share of fish in return for their larger efforts in gathering fruit and vegetables. It was denied them: and **20** of the **25** quit gathering fruit and vegetables.

But:—

The entire **100** men continued to insist upon their right to eat as much as ever.

The daily food supply gradually shrunk. The man with two fishes demanded three bananas in exchange for one of them. The man with two bananas refused to part with one for fewer than three fishes.

Finally, the **10** men remaining at work quit in disgust. Everybody continued to eat all he could lay hands on. Then the hidden fish were brought to light and gobbled up. A day came when there was no food of any kind. Everybody on the island blamed everybody else.

What would seem to be the solution? Exactly! We thought you would guess it.

Babson Institute

Adapted 1920 by Babson Institute, Inc. 10-53

When Labor Loses

I have just been talking with a woman who four years ago was a socialist, a radical, a pro-laborite and everything else which would endear her to the heart of the working man.

Today, however, she says that when it came to managing this country and its business she would take her chances ten to one with the capitalist class rather than with the proletariat.

What is the reason for this radical change of front? It has been coming slowly for some time but this is the last straw:—

On Monday she bought from one of the biggest department stores of Boston some materials to be used in her home on Friday. She had engaged the workmen for that day. She impressed upon the store people the necessity of her purchases being delivered in time for the workmen to use them.

Now it is Monday again. The week has passed and the stuff has not come. She believes there isn't anybody in that store, except the manager and some of the heads of departments, that give a darn whether she gets the goods or not. All they want is to finish the day's work as early as possible, get as much pay as they can and do as little as they can for what they get.

* * * * *

Now her experience and state of mind are quite common and quite typical. Lots of people who felt very kindly toward Labor over a year ago, feel today just as this woman does. In my judgment it is up to the American working man to say what he is going to do about it. Labor can't get ahead much when the mass of the people are down on Labor.

Labor must win back the sympathy of the public or their efforts for advancement will fail.

Wellesley Hills

Speaking of Bolshevism

William G. Shepherd tells the story of a manufacturer in Petrograd, whose business paid him about $5,000 a year.

When the Bolshevists gained control of the government, this man's employes said, "Why should he get so much money? Why not take the business ourselves?"

First they asked for higher wages, and received them. But they were not satisfied. They wanted absolute control of the plant. They knew what the earnings had been in previous years. Why shouldn't they get this money instead of their employer? They did the work.

They could not see the value of having an owner who was a manager, so they drove him out and started to run the factory themselves.

Things went all right for a short time. Then they found there was no new business coming in. They couldn't meet the payroll. These were facts they had never thought of before. There had always been work and money enough to pay them off. They never had to worry about them before nor wonder how such essentials had been taken care of.

They struggled along, but the business soon dwindled. Then they sent for the former owner, asking him to come back on his own terms.

But he wouldn't come. He had gone where government was stable and his savings were safe. He did not dare risk them again under Bolshevist rule.

* * * * *

Many workers do not realize that the boss's job is no soft snap. He faces problems that the average man, without training and experience could not possibly solve.

It is right for Labor to strive for its proper share.

Things are steadily working out in their favor in this country.

But Labor must not use the Bolsheviki methods. These aim to destroy capital and to throw down and out the men whose business ability has made America the most prosperous country in the world.

This prosperity may be kept up for both sides if Labor and Business Ability will pull together and not separately.

Try to row a boat with one oar, and where do you get? Nowhere,—just go around in circles. Use both oars and you go straight to where you want to.

Labor and Capital must have each other's help. Neither can make progress alone.

Wellesley Hills

Wages and Interest

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a visitor was inquiring where he could find two certain pictures. A courteous stranger directed him to them, and the two fell into conversation. The visitor discovered that this stranger knew about every picture and also something of the one who painted it.

"I shall probably be here thruout the Exposition," the stranger said, "and if I can be of service to you any time I shall be glad."

"Thank you," said the visitor, "and may I ask what your position is here?"

The stranger smiled and answered: "I am a detective."

The visitor was amazed. "Then you must have studied art before, and sought this position?"

"No," the detective said. "When I was sent here I knew nothing about art. But I always try to be interested in the job I am on. I was put on duty before many of the pictures were hung, so I met some of the artists. I studied the pictures, read the catalogues, and remembered what I saw and read and heard—that's all."

Several times during the Exposition the visitor met the young detective, always at his task of guarding the pictures. His interest in art and his knowledge of it grew steadily. When the Exposition was over the detective left with his wages earned and his regular work satisfactorily done. By way of "Interest" he had a knowledge of art as great as have some of those who have studied in Europe.

A fellow detective who had been in the same building ended where he had started. Guarding the galleries had been to him just plain work. He left with no more knowledge about pictures and artists than when he went there.

* * * * * * * * *

This same difference in attitude toward work is found everywhere. Are you getting Wages and Interest or only Wages?

Babson Institute

 25-37

Crossing Bridges

A young man went to an expert advisor of business men and said: "I'm discouraged.. I've been in the same job three years with the same pay. What shall I do?"

Says Friend Expert: "Think hard for thirty days of ways by which your boss can increase his sales by $50,000 or $5,000 or even $500. Go and tell him about it."

After thirty days the young man came back to the expert: "I can't think of a thing. What else might I do."

Says Friend Expert: "Try your best to discover a way by which your employer can save $5,000 or $500 or even $50 in the cost of running his business.

After another month, the young man bobs up before the Expert: "I give up. Can't dope out any way. And I guess I won't ask any more advice."

Says the Expert: "I'm going to give you one more piece of advice *Free*. If you can't increase the volume of business by $500, or save $50 even out of the wasteful methods used in your business, I advise you . . . *TO LIE LOW. Attract as little attention as possible. And maybe you'll be able to hold this job you've been soldiering on for three years, without an idea."*

* * * * * *

The young man lacked imagination. There are lots like him.

The old saying says, "Don't cross bridges." But the fellow who gets better jobs and more money is the boy who can cross bridges in his imagination away ahead of the crowd.

Babson Institute

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Babson Institute

A Good Swap

You have a dollar, I have a dollar.
We swap.
Now you have my dollar and I have your dollar.
We are no better off.
You have an idea, I have an idea.
We swap.
Now you have *two* ideas and I have *two* ideas.

* * * * *

Ideas are like matches. They're no use unless you strike them into flame. If you think some scheme of yours would make a saving in time, work, or expense, don't be afraid to go to the man higher up with it. It won't do you or him, or the company, any good while you keep it to yourself.

Don't be afraid to spring a new idea on the boss. He's after good ones every day. A good idea for him is worth a better job for you.

The trouble with most chaps is that they keep their noses too close to the grind-stone. They are too content to do their work like a machine without ever thinking how to improve it, and in many cases when they have a good idea they don't have "pep" enough to try and put it across.

Don't be scared of the boss especially when you have something good to show him. His job is to keep things going in the best way. He'll thank you, for an idea that will help him out. Spring a worth-while idea on him once in a while and show him you're not a machine. A machine can do most any work a man can do nowadays but *a machine can never think.*

* * * * *

There isn't a plant or a business on earth that couldn't stand a few improvements—and be better for them.

Some-one is going to think of them. Why not beat the other fellow to it?

Babson Institute

 55.26

Boosting or Busting

Here is something by Elbert Hubbard, who was drowned when the Germans sank the Lusitania:

"I think if I worked for a man, I would not work for him a part of the time, but all of the time. I would give an undivided service or none, for if put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

"If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply you with bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the company he represents.

"If you must condemn and always run him down, why, give up your job, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content."

There is one great natural law that never fails to work. It is this: "Knock and the world knocks you. Boost and the world boosts you." You can't beat it. The chaps who think they are smart in knockng their town, their boss, and their job, are fools. They are really knocking themselves and don't know it.

When I started work snagging castings in a machine shop, I thought some of the fellows running machines were boosters and good fellows because they had better jobs. I found out later that they had better jobs because they were boosters.

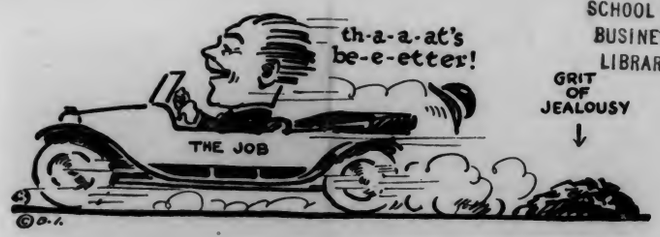
I saw they had friends because they liked the good points of other fellows, and were not too fussy about other points that didn't really count.

They got ahead on their jobs because they were good natured and kept their eyes open for every chance to learn from more skilled men. This added skill and their good dispositions led to their being picked out when the boss was looking for men to go higher up.

They were boosters and were boosted.

I needn't tell you what happened to the knockers in the same shop—I've lost track of most of them but those I do know now are knocking yet—just "knocking around."

Babson Institute



GET OUT THE GRIT!

A "flivver" coming up the hill near my house the other day coughed, wheezed, spit out angry puffs of smoke—and finally stopped. The engine had "died." The driver got out. He raised the hood and tinkered with everything on the motor. Finally, he climbed underneath the car with a pail in his hand. He drained off his gasoline. I walked over and looked in the pail.

There was grit settling to the bottom, enough to choke a flock of flivvers. No wonder it coughed and wheezed and finally lost all its power!

* * * * * *

Did you ever think of Jealousy as being a sort of grit, that gets into the gas-line of human relations; makes trouble; slows up work and takes joy out of life! It is one of the curses of mills, factories and offices—and even homes.

Jealousy kills initiative, imagination and energy, just as the grit in the gasoline killed the power in the flivver. Many organizations have failed because of jealousy. It cuts down the earning power of individuals; because we aren't paid for muscle labor entirely; but for cheerfulness, energy, initiative, loyalty, and willingness to work with our fellow-workers, our foremen and our "supers."

Strain out the Grit of Jealousy!

* * * * * *

Pour in the smooth gasoline of Co-operation. The results will begin to roll along, in happiness and in money.

Babson Institute.

Benny Leonard

Why Ben's a Champ

Benny Leonard, the world's champion lightweight fist wizard, was telling me about himself the other day. I asked him how he became a champion.

"Because I made every beating count," said Ben.

* * *

When he started swinging the gloves as a kid of eighteen he used to take a beating once a week, for ten dollars a beat. He stacked against third-raters but they all could hit like mules kicking. Benny had lots of science and foot-work but his punches had no more kick than near-beer. Then one day he surprised everybody by sending a fellow to the rest-room who had until then been walloping him regularly. From then on, he knocked 'em High, Wide and Handsome. Now he's champ of the world; and he says that——

> *"Every man who beat me when I was a beginner helped make me a champion, because every time I was beaten I learned something from the man who beat me, and the boxing I did in those first battles helped and strengthened me for later ones."*

When I said "Goodbye" to Ben, I said to myself that some of us never profit by our mistakes; and *that* may be why we aren't world champions, or holding down bigger jobs.

We are all fighters in the great game of life, and if you want to 'knock out' old man hard luck, why just pitch in with both hands and all your might and soul—fight fair and square and you're just bound to win. Atta-boy!

Benny Leonard.
(Light-Weight Champion of the World)

"Babe" Knocking a Homer

Ol' Babe Uses "Surplus"

One big reason why "Babe" Ruth is the Home Run King, the Sultan of the Swat and the hardest smashing ball player wearing spiked shoes is that he always has more on his bat than the pitcher has on the ball. And the Babe knows what he can command from that old stick.

In his job, he uses Surplus.

He puts an overflow of energy and brains into it. And in any old job, be it batting a ball over the right field fence or planing castings or whatnot—the Surplus is what counts. When a man puts More in his work than the fellow next to him, he's going to get more out.

Ruth is the slugger extraordinary of balldom, the man who is making the New York Yanks a pennant contender in the American League. He came from the International League in 1914 to the Boston Red Sox and ranked as one of the leading pitchers in base ball. Not content with that he knocked 11 home runs in 1918. The next season Ruth smashed all previous home run records, with 29 circuit clouts. At the Polo Grounds, New York, September 1919, he drove the ball over the right field stands, the longest hit ever seen on that diamond.

Babe has this little message for Buddies in Shop and Factory, through the Babson Institute pay envelope service:

To the lads in the mills and shops, I want to say "Hello" through the Babson Institute, and

If you fan out today, and the world and your job look pretty gloomy; remember that tomorrow is coming when you can step to the bat and knock the cover off the old ball.

"Babe" Ruth

(Star Hitter of the New York Yanks)

Babson Institute

Head and Arm

Leon, Putting 'Em Over

Leon Cadore, the husky boy who pitches for the Brooklyn Dodgers, has a record of turning in more victories than defeats for his team. His most sensational achievement this season has been to pitch the longest game in the history of organized baseball. The former record was 24 innings, but this contest between Brooklyn and Boston went to 26 frames and was then called, with the score tied 1-1, because of darkness.

Leon is a real, All-Wool Copper-riveted Man. When the war came he was in it—and where there was action.

When he was mustered out of service the Dodgers took him back—bang, bingo, just like that.

Leon wins games because he sticks at it and uses his head. He stands up there in the ol' box and, boy, his head is workin' along with his arm and when he unwinds and shoots one over—it's got thought behind it as well as muscle.

Cadore says, about that 26 inning game, through the Babson Institute service:

ALL OTHER JOBS EASIER

The longest game might have been the shortest game if every man on both teams hadn't put all the stuff he had into every minute of it. Pitching 26 innings is some job, I want to say—and there were times in that game when I felt that every one in the world had a better job than I had.

We all feel that way some times about our jobs. It's only by overcoming the feeling and LOSING OURSELVES IN WHAT WE'RE DOING THAT WE WIN SUCCESS.

Leon J. Cadore

Star Pitcher of the Brooklyn Dodgers

Hard Work Made "Herb"

At nine years of age Herbert Corthell, one of America's foremost stage comedians, had to go to work. He was large for his age and on a Vermont farm he did a man's work for a hard-fisted sod-buster. It was the sort of job where you get up at 4 a. m., milk the cows, feed the pigs, have breakfast, hoe potatoes all morning, take a half hour for lunch, cut hay all afternoon, eat supper, feed stock all evening, drive to town for some molasses and sugar, come home, unhitch, bed the horses down, get the pails ready for milking the next morning, and then—— NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

But Herb hit each day's work with every pound of flesh and muscle and brain he had—and never lost his imagination.

That was the Big Thing. His imagination—of a bigger, finer career was working even longer hours than his body.

That's the main, leading reason why Herbert Corthell could nerve up to later years of discouragement, "suping" in theatres, working in leather shops, slinging the beans in a "quick and dirty" restaurant, always with his head high and his imagination on fire—until now he is one of the leading actors before American foot-lights.

TO JOHN W. EMPLOYE WHEREVER HE IS, Through the Babson Institute:

Any man has his choice of going two ways, with the workers or the loafers. I'm healthy and happy today because I once decided I wasn't going to be a loafer; and when a fat man decides that, he lays up some trouble for himself. But if I hadn't worked hard at every job, and laughed at the discouragements I wouldn't be alive today or if I were, would weigh four hundred instead of two hundred and thirty pounds and all muscle.

Herbert Corthell

Babson Institute

 20 103

Tied Up Tight

Bernarr MacFadden

I guess Sergeant Markels won't mind if I tell his story. We were buddies in the same outfit during the war, the 308th infantry, and he was one of the "fightinest," scrappiest, happiest doughboys that ever waded through a mess-tin of chow. He was offered a berth as an army music director and could have been dolled up in a nice clean uniform safely back of the lines, for he was an ace-high musician, could make a piano cry like a baby and lead an orchestra into the thick of a jazz concert. But he chose to carry a real gun in the infantry, fight and work and smile and joke and swap "butts" with the gang that waded through mud and slept with cooties.

When Sergeant Markels first went to camp he was built out in the stomach like a guaranteed bumper on a new automobile; his hands were soft and his jaws hung heavy with fat. He'd been living high, as a big-time orchestra director and pulling down hundreds of dollars a week. After a month of "squads right" and manual of arms the stomach dwindled and his hands toughened. To make the yarn short, "Sarge" Markels found out what a wonderful thing it is to have a body bounding with health. He had never lived a hard, wholesome life in the open and he found it the greatest thing in the world.

Health and the job are tied up tight together. If a man is taking care of himself and keeping fit, he'll prefer to be where there's work.

The loafers are usually soft guys and if you hit 'em they sink in like jelly.

NO LIMIT!

Says Bernarr MacFadden, famous health authority and body-builder:

Any man can develop muscles and nerves of steel. They may be made surging, pulsing energies that throb for action.

When you have such muscles and such nerves, your jobs will not only be filled; but by the super-efficiency you then develop, you will overflow into bigger and better jobs.

And there is no limit! Bernarr MacFadden

"HANK" GOWDY

Genuine = That's Hank

Harry Gowdy handles a catcher's mitt for the Boston Braves. Harry — they call him Hank — is popular with all of baseball — fans, managers, umpires and the rest — because he's sincere and genuine. He gave proof of that when the United States entered the World War. No soft evading of service in a big-paying shipyard job for Hank. No sir! He stepped right up to the recruiting officer in Columbus, Ohio, his home town and said: "I want to fight!" They let him.

In June, 1917, he first put on the uniform and drilled with Rainbow Division boys. In October they went over—one of the first outfits — and they didn't come back till it was over over there — April, 1919. Harry was then Color Sergeant Gowdy. The Braves took him as soon as he was out of uniform, and now he's playing ball just as hard as he soldiered during the war.

Hank has a wonderful whip for throwing to second; a cheerful spirit that helps on the coaching line, and a good batting eye. Incidentally, he has a new manager—Mrs. Harry Gowdy. That's recent. In 1914, Gowdy helped the Braves to a World Series by a couple of timely home runs.

He's always on his toes. He believes that a shirker is one of the lowest forms of animal life and that there's no room for 'em in baseball, or anywhere else.

Hank says, through the Babson Institute:

ON YOUR TOES — ALL THE TIME

Seems to me this goes for any old job, any old place — whether it's catching ball or running a lathe. The Boy that's up and at 'em early and late — every minute of the game and the working day is the same boy who gets a Reg'lar-size pay envelope.

Harry Gowdy

(Star Catcher of the Boston Braves)

The Wild Wild Money

Money has Gone Mad—Crazy, Loony, Bugs, Nuts.
It's as crazy as a Toothless Man
Who spends his last Nickel for
Toothpicks
You can't depend on it as Much as You Can The Weather
It's as fickle as a man with Nine Wives.
Flightier than a Woman who finds a Mouse in her Tea.

* * * * * *

A dollar shimmies enough in one day to make a Cabaret Dancer
Wild with jealousy. In the morning it buys 40 cents worth.
In the evening it goes so much lower that it seems like
Change for one of the oldstyle five cent pieces.
You simply can't depend On It.
It's tricky these days. And it'll be loonier.
Unless a large enough Gang of Human Beings
Get Together. And say "We're Gonna Work and Work
"Until there are enough Shoes and Pants and Sox and
"Bathing Suits and Cuff-buttons and Automobiles and
"Breakfast Food in the World To Go Around."

* * * * * *

Then Money will get a Sensible Look in Its Eye
And Will Buy Something and Stop Going Into
Hysterics.

Babson Institute

Watch It Grow!

One morning a Husband said the coffee was punk
And the eggs were boiled too hard
And he went to work clad in a deep blue grouch.

* * * * . *

As he was going into the shop, a hunch-back boy smiled
And said, "Good Morning."
Husband felt low and mean, so to make up for everything,
He smiled at the foreman, and the foreman
Smiled at the sweeper, and the sweeper
Smiled at the time clerk, and the time clerk
Smiled at a bird from the shipping department.
And the day's work started with a Bang.

* * * * *

And by that time Friend Husband decided to be a man.
At noon he beat it to a telephone and called up The Wife
And told her he was sorry, and
Everything was all right, and wouldn't she wear
Her purple dress with the black sash that night,
Just to please him.
And she felt great—
And smiled at the grocery boy, and he smiled at a cop—
And the cop smiled at another boy on a bicycle—
And ——
Gee! It Was a Great Day All Around!

Babson Institute

BATTERUPP!

Seems good to sit in the Ol' Park again,
On a holiday
And see the ball flyin' around,
And feel the Game in the Air.
Says the Umpire: "The battery today, gen'lemen,
For the Home Team is:
John W. Employe and Eddie J. Employer,
With Mr. Hicostofliving at bat."
We watch Ol' John Employe slip the ball over.
He's using a great assortment of Production Fast Ones.
Hicostofliving swings at his Speed ball
And whiffs at his Production curves.
"Gee, the Boy's workin' good today,
"If he'll settle down and pitch this way all season,
"The United States is sure due for the Pennant."

* * * *

"STEADY," hollers the bleachers.
Ol' Employe has given him a couple of balls!
But at last he's wound up tight and shot over a
Production Twist that's an old-time goshwalloper
"HOORAY!" yelp the FANS
HICOSTOFLIVING GOES BACK TO THE BENCH AND
THE UMP SINGS, IN HIS SCRATCHY VOICE,
"BATTER'S OUT!"

Babson Institute.

What Will Your $$ Buy

If instead of buying milk with money, you used milk tickets which were distributed by some public official, and if there was not milk enough to go around, could these officials help any by printing more milk tickets? They might double the number of milk tickets, but this wouldn't help you any.

The printing presses might run day and night printing milk tickets, but there wouldn't be any more milk. The only thing that could give you more milk would be an increase in the production of milk.

The same is true with regard to raising wages. The money which you get in your pay envelopes is practically the same as these milk tickets. It is what you get with this money that counts, not the amount of money which you get. **Hence, it is really not money that you want, but better homes, better clothes, and more of the comforts of life.** The only way that your money will bring you more of these things is by some one inventing ways and means to increase the production and distribution of these things.

* * * * * * * * * *

This illustration is not given as an argument against higher wages, but simply to make clear that the only way we can get more in houses, clothing, and the comforts of life, is by the fellows who make these things increasing their production. Likewise, the only way that others can get more of the things that you are manufacturing is by you increasing your production.

If your employers doubled your wages, and, if no other employer increased the wages of his men, you would be better off. If, however, every employer doubled the wages of his men, every worker would be where he is today. Wages would be double what they are now, but prices would be double what they are too. So remember that increased wages amount to nothing at all unless there is increased production, efficiency, and economy. Greater production and freer distribution will reduce the cost of the things we buy and our dollars will therefore be worth more.

Babson Institute

That Leaky Valve

A banker riding in a train in the Middle West sat by a man wearing overalls and jumper. They began talking and the banker asked his companion where he worked.

"I work for the —— Company," the other replied, "and hope to work for them as long as I live."

The banker inquired why.

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"Well, I'll tell you," the workman said. "The first job I had with the company paid me $60 a month. I guess I did the work well, for I got a raise. I got raised until I was getting $80. One day when I had finished work, I was passing through the yard. I saw oil escaping from a tank because of a leaky valve. I fixed the leak and went home. Some weeks later I was called into the office.

" 'You repaired a leaky valve as you were going home,' said the boss. 'It was after hours. Your work was done. You showed that you had an interest in your job beyond the hour of knocking off, and you also showed a desire to protect the property of the company. You'll get a raise in pay and your job now will be to keep your eyes open for leaks and repair them.'

"That's my job now. I know I'll get an increase in pay every year or so if my work is good, and I have a sort of feeling that I can't do anything for the company that the company won't appreciate. I like my work and I like my bosses. That's why I say I hope to work for them as long as I live."

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Another interesting thing in connection with this company is that once a year every employe is expected to submit a reason why he should get a raise in pay, in case he thinks he is entitled to it. If a man has been long in service, that counts. If he has done anything noteworthy, that counts. If he has shown an interest in the welfare of the company beyond just what he has to do to keep his job, that counts. The result of all this is that, with one exception, there has been no real trouble between

his company and its labor force. Consider the thousands of employes and the many years of the company's existence, this speaks for itself. Co-operation pays all round.

Wellesley Hills

Great Inventions

It was Summer, and noontime at the factory. Some were playing ball, some were reading the morning papers, while others were asleep. One little group, however, was busy talking. They were discussing the world's greatest inventions. One man mentioned the telephone, another the steam engine, and another the printing press. One man said:

"I tell you that the guy who first invented the common ordinary wheel was the greatest inventor that ever lived. What do you think, Jacob?"

Jacob was a Russian Jew who in Russia had been a pedler and he hoped to be a merchant in this country, so he was working in the factory until he could save enough to start a little store for himself. He talked poor English and this is about what he said:

"Well, I'm not much on education. I don't know much about telephones, steam engines or printing machines. **But I think that the fellow that invented interest was no slouch! That invention has no patent and every fellow can use it."**

That talk was about twenty years ago. Most of these men are still working in factories. Why? Because they have never saved any money which could work for them. Some have borrowed and paid interest to others, instead of having interest paid to them.

But does Jacob work there now? No, Jacob now owns a hotel in New York City and is a rich man. He saw that in order to get ahead he must have money working while he worked. So he saved.

He bought a push-cart first—then a little store on the outskirts of the city—then some nearby lots as he could. Today he is a large real estate owner.

We can succeed if we'll save money and keep it working. Before knocking the fellow who has some money, let us find out how he got it. If he inherited it, he may be no smarter than we are; but if he got it by saving, he probably has ability, we might well try to copy.

Jacob was right. The man who first invented "interest" was no slouch! The thing for us to do is to use the invention.

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Rotten Apples

I worked in a warehouse once, loading and unloading cars. Up over the big door between the warehouse and the siding sheds was a sign that read:

> **If you are criticized, don't get sore. We don't spend our time picking spots out of rotten apples.**

I'd been running the old truck back and forth under that sign quite a while before its real meaning finally soaked in. Then I got to thinking about it. I began to see why I hadn't got that raise I'd expected. I remembered that every time the boss had "called" me I'd get "up on my ear" and thought he had a grudge against me.

When the light broke thru I saw I'd been all wrong. I began to realize that it was even more important for me to know my weak points and my mistakes, than for the boss to know them. A raise in pay, better job, and maybe sometime any job at all, would depend on my having known my own mistakes and having overcome them.

So when anybody criticises me, I listen with all my ears, take it to heart the right way, and grin to myself as I remember **"They don't spend time pickin' spots out of rotten apples."**

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Which Do You Smoke?

Once upon a time a young man got a job in a factory. He was a rather bright guy, and he knew a lot about things in general. He didn't know all about anything. But he managed to do pretty well what he was told and at the end of ten years was getting just money enough to buy his "Fatimas."

Some of the other guys who had been there but a few years had passed him and were on the salary list. He saw it and it got his goat. If it hadn't been for the good blood that he had, he would have joined the Union Knockers' Club—with his prospects at an end then and there. However, about that time he got a hunch. He thought it was his, but his best girl really deserves the credit. She told him he had brains and didn't know how to use them. She did it for his good, but he went home mad.

Next day the mad was all gone. He began to look around and before quitting time came he saw the light. By next day he had doped it all out pretty well.

Instead of simply knowing everything about his own work, he began to study the whole factory. Instead of stringing his own work out, he found how to do it in less time, and went and asked for more to do. Instead of fixing his work so that only he could do it, he arranged it systematically, so that any intelligent person could do it.

By and by, as he expected, he began to be noticed. His employer said, "Here is the right kind of a man; let's encourage him."

So to encourage him they piled RESPONSIBILITIES on him, knowing that responsibility encourages only good men.

He saw he was on the right track, took these responsibilities and made good, and as a result he now buys cigars—by the box.

* * * * *

In other words, promotion does not come to a man until he grows bigger than his present job. Then he is too good a man to waste on that job and he gets a better one.

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Coal Up ! !

The Squirrel does it. Why don't men?

He provides for winter, before winter is in sight.

Let's be as wise as the squirrel.

Now is the time to buy coal for next winter's needs. Order it now and insist upon delivery before Fall.

The coal situation is serious. The output of soft coal is running ahead of last year, but hard coal is being produced at a much slower pace than a year ago. The cost of mining it is greater, and the cost of handling shows a sharp increase. Exporters are willing to pay even more than we are for coal. In the aggregate, a small amount of our coal is exported, but the little things count in these days. A few millions of tons exported, when the amount of hard coal on hand is less than usual, is going to Do Things to the Price of a Ton of the Precious Black Nuggets.

Coal Up now for next winter!

Coal is going to be King next winter again, and when He has to, he can be Some Monarch!

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Look Around You

One night over 300 years ago the Marquis of Worcestor sat before a fire on which a kettle of water was boiling. He saw steam rush out from the spout and under the lid. But the Marquis saw more than just water and vapor. His eyes were open and his brain was working—and he realized the power of steam.

He set to work to make use of his new-found "giant in the kettle"—and the first steam pump was invented.

A hundred years later a little boy was led to the further discovery of the marvelous power of steam by watching the bobbing cover of a tea-kettle. His name was James Watt, and he is famous as the improver of the steam-engine.

When Columbus saw strange plants cast by waves on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, he knew that there must be an unknown land on the western side. If Columbus had not used his eyes and his brain he would not have been fired with the ambition which led him to discover America.

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A rock or a stone has more than once led to the discovery of a gold or silver mine. The sight of some wrong movement in a machine has caused men to see how to make better ones. There are hundreds of things yet undiscovered and thousands not yet invented, to make famous and well repay the men who keep their eyes and brains working.

There are chances for improvement in every factory, industry and business in this country—yes, right where you are. There isn't an industry on earth that is perfect. Keep your eyes open, and your mind ready to get ideas, and make use of them from everything you see.

A new idea is the most precious thing you can discover. Every progressive employer is on the lookout for new ways to better his business, ways to reduce costs, ways to increase sales, etc., and the men who can help him do these things are the ones he is on the watch for too.

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Next Winter's Eggs

Consider the Hen, how she Lays.

This time of year she is getting in her best work. She will go strong through the Spring and Summer, but in the Fall her production becomes less and less for she then begins to grow a suit of Winter flannels, and puts most of her energy into that work.

Egg production is running small this year. The cold long Winter kept Ma Hen from getting back on her job as early as usual. This loss in output cannot be made good.

Therefore, now is the time to "put down" eggs for "neggst" Winter. The price may drop a few cents more per dozen in June, but probably will go over $1.00 a dozen next Fall and Winter. The thing to do? *Eggsactly!*—You've guessed it. Put up your own eggs, at current prices. Here's the way to do it:

Buy Fresh eggs—at most not over one week old.

Take a stone crock or galvanized pail, and pack the eggs carefully. Put a plate or board on the eggs, or anything flat and heavy enough to keep them from floating when you put in the fluid. Then, take a quart of water glass (can be purchased anywhere) and add to it nine quarts of water. Pour this mixture on to the eggs until they are about two inches under the fluid. Then set away in a cool place and dream of the poached, scrambled and fried eggs next Fall and Winter.

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Remember that Woodchuck

Woodchucks can't climb trees—as a rule.

But today I saw a woodchuck chased by a dog. Straight through the fields they ran until they came to a tree. The woodchuck knew that if he could climb the tree the dog couldn't catch him. So, though woodchucks aren't made to climb trees, this one **just naturally had to —and he did.**

* * * *

There's a whole lot in doing a thing because you have to. And there are a whole lot of things you never could do—**unless you had to.**

There isn't a great deal of satisfaction in doing a thing that doesn't take much effort. If you can do a thing without half trying there are a million others could do it just as well. The boss knows it, too. **You're not worth much to him if your place could be taken by most anyone else.**

The men who are worth the most where you work are those fellows who do a thing so well that the boss would have his hands full if he had to replace them. Their jobs may be hard. They may even look impossible to you.

But remember the woodchuck. He couldn't climb a tree until he HAD to.

As soon as you know that you'll HAVE to do things that are hard—things that you now call impossible—you'll go head and do them. That is you will if you really want to succeed.

As soon as the boss sees you doing those things that he never thought you had the punch to tackle, he'll see that there **aren't** a million men could do your work.

From the moment that you tackle a job that most every other man where you work couldn't do, you become more valuable to the company. If they couldn't replace you whenever they wished they can't afford to lose you.

Wellesley Hills

Dolls and Germans

Little Margy showed me a doll yesterday. It was only three inches long, but its eyes closed just like a great big doll and the legs and arms were jointed, so as to move like real ones. The doll was made in Germany. Thousands of such dolls are coming into this country. They are made by German workmen, who have seen that if their country is going to live they've got to get down to business and make dolls and shoes and hardware and other things.

So German workmen have not only been working eight hours a day; they have been giving two hours extra every day to The Fatherland. Ten hours a day to produce dolls and other things, so their country can get into the world's markets. This is the competition American workmen are going to meet from German workmen. The laboring man's big rival is another workman who turns out more and better work. If we are to reduce our own cost of living; and make a surplus of dolls and other things, so that we can not only supply our own needs, but get our share of the world's markets, we've got to stop haggling and every man-jack get down to work—employer and employee, wherever they be.

May 30th is Memorial Day. It is a day when we remember the thousands of dead who "gave their last full measure of devotion," in the war to crush Prussian autocracy. From their last and eternal Camp Ground they are watching us, anxiously, to see if the victories they won are to be preserved. Their message is—"Push On, Push On!"

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